THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VIII | New York, Wednesday, August 8, 1928 | Number 14

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GOD'S COUNTRY

LOOKING over the statistics regarding firecrackers, picnics and orations associated with the celebration of Independence Day, and regarding their significance in the retrospect that a few weeks permits, one can hardly avoid the conclusion that reflection upon the principles which the occasion stresses played a very small part in the festivities. There was, to be sure, a great deal of oratory. But though this was probably not inferior to the brand in vogue thirty years ago, it did not (which was, perhaps, fortunate) fix the quality of a date which most citizens accept, frankly and joyously, as a holiday. So long as the Fourth of July is thoroughly enjoyed, the national institutions are in no imminent danger.

One need not forget, however, that the word "holiday" always retains something of "holy-day." Certainly Independence Day, when it comes round, not to mention other occasions of national self-congratulation, does arouse in the most thoughtless a sense of that sacredness which the United States has consistently read into its history. No year goes by without hearing the repetition, over and over again, of the conviction, so magnificently expressed by Daniel Webster, that Providence had guided the national destiny so that the world's oppressed might find liberty and peace. Beyond this we have believed, our fathers and ourselves, that here is really "God's country." Throughout a myriad conflicts of creed, race and tradition, Americans have continued to declare that a healthy society is impossible without religious faith and the morality it upholds. There have been times—notably after the Revolutionary War—when currents of unbelief were corrosive everywhere, but in each instance a "revival" of one kind or another dammed up the tide of spiritual dissolution.

All this becomes clearer when one has borne in mind that July 4 is associated not merely with the demand for independence but also with diverse moral crises affecting the national life. The Middle-West is getting ready to observe with appropriate ceremonies the victory gained by the intrepid explorers Rogers and Clark over the British. On July 4, 1778, they captured Kaskaskia and so paved the way toward ending the dominion of England in what was then the Northwest. Their success meant that a free, sturdy development of the American "pioneer spirit" was possible; and since this in turn was to modify and vitalize our national life so profoundly, the attack upon that little fort was a significant event indeed. Again, it was on July 4, 1863, that General Robert E. Lee, having staked everything upon one struggle, retreated from Gettysburg, carrying the germ of that inevitable

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defeat of the Confederacy which was to guarantee the stability of the Union. Therewith the conscience of the nation had triumphed over slavery, and the concept of the laborer as a free man began to flourish.

Thus the date testifies very directly to the effort which the carrying out of the nation's purposes has demanded. That such work exacted a moral and intellectual sacrifice is quite apparent. A very real narrowness of vision appeared in many places. In throwing off the rule of England and in battling against the ambitions of other countries, many Americans grew into a habit of denying all virtue to foreign governments. Europe was corrupt, autocratic and hypocritical; the new world alone had wings and a halo. Similarly, as the country expanded, it often attributed the vices and weaknesses supposed to be inherent in alien rulers to groups of immigrants in search of liberty and work. And the very fact that the dominant population was quite definitely Protestant tended to endow the Catholic faith of many newcomers with all manner of harrowing horrors. Illiberalism is generally a tribute which the human mind pays either to greed or to its desire for self-preservation. We prefer to believe that in the American case the last was vastly the more important factor.

Accordingly no aspect of the Declaration of Independence is now discussed so frequently as is that assertion we now take to mean that America shall not permit of any inequality among citizens on the basis of religious belief or country of origin. Respect for the deepest convictions of others is dictated not merely by the mandate of charity proposed by Christianity itself, but also by the tradition and practical need of the nation. We now face no task of defending our rights against foreign claimants; but we must shoulder the burden of coöperation to make this the country it set out to be. The recipes indispensable to our working together have all been formulated. They are tolerance, but something more than tolerance; justice, but something more generous than justice; order, but something more human than order has generally been. We now talk so much of the first, not because it is really endangered, but rather because we want to put it out of the reach of danger.

No amount of what is termed "tolerance" can, however, blind us to the fact that matters exist upon which no nation may smile. The present prevalence of lawlessness and indifference to others is sufficient indication that America, more perhaps than any other country, cannot afford to surrender any portion of its general Christian faith and righteousness. Yet these can hardly be preserved in our time by attempts to put the enemy into stocks. The supply of the enemy is too large, and religion seeks, fundamentally, to win even these. It is apparent, therefore, that "toleration" between Christians must somehow develop into a united willingness to preserve this as "God's country" and to respect one another's methods. The difference between a Catholic and a fiercely anti-Roman Baptist may be large, but is only a fraction of the distance between either and a complacent materialist.

For this reason the prohibition problem, once more the centre of the stage in so far as public opinion is concerned, is peculiarly instructive. No one can doubt that the conduct of the liquor industry was, in the days of old, a serious moral and social problem. The saloon cut deep scars into the national frame: it ruined thousands of men, impoverished families, bred degenerate children. But the solution which the Eighteenth Amendment and legislation subsequent to it offered was not the creation of the American spirit of tolerance. In the first place, it assumed that force could impose a purely moral counsel upon persons whose consciences had not arrived at the same conclusions. Secondly, the method employed was a specific created by the "Evangelical" churches, the reforming temper of which does not appeal even to other groups of Protestants. The cry for prohibition therefore lacked the support of Christianity as a whole, and (as sufficient evidence exists to show) did not prevail against the unregenerate. An erroneous appeal to law took the place of steadfast effort to deepen and strengthen the sense of right and wrong.

It is, of course, by no means true that the church, as the custodian of religious vitality, should erect a wall between itself and political action. But in view of actual circumstances—the trivialities of office-seeking and lobbying, the passions engendered by electoral campaigns, the fierce battles for spoils and preferences—it is, perhaps, wise to believe that the very holiness which the church exists to exemplify can hardly seek a fusion with political action. Certainly anything that smacks of "ecclesiastical control" of the government is so deeply resented in our time that the result of trying to exercise it is evil rather than good. Nor can American statecraft be conceived of as a remedial agent for more than surface woes. It does guarantee to every faith the right to work unmolested; but it has something like a privilege to expect in return that this work be done with means which religion alone possesses.

The extent to which spiritual institutions are effective is always reflected in a people's culture rather than in its laws. We who are Catholics, while fully aware of the impact of evil upon contemporary society, would nevertheless be quite blind if we did not behold the wide acres that bloom with the promise of a harvest—if we did not see the great extent to which energetic spiritual guidance is fostering better and more creative living. Nor are we indifferent to the fervor with which other groups of Christians than ourselves are fostering nobility and charity. In short, Christianity is considerably more alive in 1928 than it was in 1918. This progress must be kept up if the high spiritual resolve to which the nation has rededicated itself each Independence Day is to be realized. For its sake let us abandon bickering and bigotry and henceforward settle ourselves to the task.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

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United States:	$5.00	Foreign:	$6.00
Canada:	5.50	Single Copies:	.10

WEEK BY WEEK

NOT independence, but economics, formed the basis of the first message of Henry L. Stimson as governor-general to the insular legislature of the Philippines. But any disappointment in it which the nationalist party may quite naturally feel should in no way deter the Filipino leaders, whatever their political affiliations may be, from recognizing sound principle. Mr. Stimson particularly stressed "the importance of a greater economic development of the Islands and the necessity of encouraging the entry of American capital for that purpose." The primary and most vital means to this end clearly calls for a thorough revision of laws governing the creation of corporations in the Philippines and the regulation of their activities, of the land laws and of those regulations under which capital comes in contact with government. In addition the government must be prepared to treat investors fairly, justly and equitably and to insure the soundness and safety of security titles. Had the new governor-general not limited capital to American sources, he might not have had to combat the fear that such a course would affect Philippine economic serfdom to America. The Filipino is apt to feel that in seeking American finance, his choice must lie between complete independence or an independence which will have all the trouble-making propensities of American investments in Central America. Mr. Stimson hurled no threat but stated an American axiom when he declared that the fear, however real or justified, can only block the "economic and therefore political independence" of one of America's first colonial possessions.

THE Mexican Department of Public Education, in its recent compilation of statistics, has gone in for the queer, the quaint and the quizzical. It has learned, too, that it has excellent ground for boasting—although not of its own rather dubious record. The two Americas can read, if they care for figures, that Mexico possesses some of the oldest schools in the hemisphere—two of these institutions of learning are more than three hundred years old and several others have been in existence for over a century. Queerly enough the department poses the present government in the attitude of a benevolent foster father of education. Quaintly enough it cannot find the word "Catholic" in its vocabulary of praise although these ancient seats of knowledge, Catholic-founded, are still replete with Catholic lore and tradition. Quizzically enough the department cites seventy-five grammar and preparatory schools both public and private in the republic. More startling still is the fact that the Calles government, which holds the twentieth-century record for closing schools and colleges, lists at least one of these institutions in each state capital with the exception of Morelos and Nayarit and the two territories. Such conditions speak for themselves. They can not hide behind the pages of the past nor can Calles metamorphisize himself into a Miguel Hidalgo, "Liberator of America," Catholic pupil, teacher and priest of the Catholic University of San Nicolas de Hidalgo.

PRESIDENT Doumergue did the expected when he pardoned Schall, Faschauer and Rosse, the three Alsatians, who, after a sensational trial at Colmar, were found guilty of autonomist plotting against the security of the French republic. Dr. Ricklin, their companion in "guilt," ipso facto placed himself beyond executive clemency by an appeal of his case to a higher court. Some soothing of Alsace may result from Doumergue's action. However it is a feeble admission that French policy in the redeemed province was seriously awry when it dictated the arrest and trial. Once instituted, the trial naturally had to proceed to its logical conclusion, nor should the minds of the judge and jury have been influenced by any considerations of expediency. But Alsace might still cynically inquire why Poincaré's deeds belied his words. No amnesty in celebration of a national holiday will eradicate the memory of that reversion. Had Dr. Ricklin withdrawn his appeal, unquestionably he, too, would have received the same leniency. He is to be admired in his fight for vindication and his refusal to accept the slightly condescending indulgence of the French government as any sort of exchange for exoneration of disloyal practice.

GOVERNOR SMITH has ironed out any doubt of his intention to lead his party. If the straightforward pronouncement on Volsteadism is indicative of anything, it means that Democrats will probably accustom themselves to being surprised by remarks from their

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candidate and then to saying, "Yes, that is what we stand for." The policy involves considerable risk, but there is every reason to believe that it will have no little attractiveness for the Middle-West, where the name of the next President may be decided. Here, quite apart from the interest taken in farm relief and prohibition as major issues, one finds a definite willingness to hail the advent of a person whose thinking is not done for him. Governor Smith strikes many people now as Bryan or La Follette did their elders. He seems to incorporate that "personality in politics" which western men so much appreciate. On the other hand, it needs to be said that fear of Tammany is very strong. If the campaign gives the impression that the "Tiger's mouthpiece" is speaking rather than a frank and foursquare individual, the result is likely to be disastrous, particularly in so far as small towns and rural neighborhoods are concerned.

WHEN The Commonweal, a few issues back, conjectured that the men who were behind the "draft Coolidge" slogan, might be less anxious to signify their appreciation of an outstanding personality than averse to change of any sort and at any time, it hardly expected its surmise to be affirmed so speedily and so thoroughly as has happened. To Representative Hamilton Fish, its thanks must be extended for a striking endorsement of its political foresight. Speaking at Newburgh upon the unprecedented prosperity that has visited the country under the Coolidge administration, Mr. Fish thus summarized its moral for the elector: "Why change? What substantial reason can be advanced by the Democrats for a change in administration? Wherein have the Republicans failed to uphold the high standard of wages or to promote the prosperity of the American people?"

WE HAVE no present intention of examining the claim reëchoed by the New York Republican leader, that his party and its policies are responsible for the volume of business and the standard of wages in this country which we are willing to admit were never so much in contrast with world-wide depression as today. In this respect the Republican party has always resembled the rooster of tradition who thought the rising of the sun was a result of his crowing. Within the next few months the claim is likely to receive an examination more thorough and less partisan than Representative Fish had the time to give it. But we would like to remark, as we think we have remarked before, that, to invite the electorate to avert its eyes from any issues save those of the pork-barrel order, to sign a blank check upon all other issues, domestic and foreign, on which men's minds are divided today, for the single (and problematical) consideration of continued high wages, is practically an invitation to political disenfranchisement and deserves a very important place amid any reasons given for the disrepute that is overtaking representative government.

FEW intelligent or liberty loving citizens will be found to disagree with Assemblyman Phelps-Phelps, of the seventeenth congressional district, that the recent order promulgated by that empire within a republic, the Prohibition Bureau, which provides that all "violators of the Volstead Act" shall be fingerprinted, is "an exercise of fanaticism." Technically, and apart from its association with the rogue's gallery, we have never been able to understand why the mere practice of finger-printing should be regarded as an invasion of liberty. On very many documents which respectable citizens willingly sign, on citizenship papers, as on safe conducts and identity cards during the war, space was left to be filled in regarding bodily marks and peculiarities. Recording the whorls and loops which nature distributes upon the human cuticle in infinite variety is only a scientific extension of the system. But the mere fact that they are so associated is proof that, in issuing their order, the dry authorities are less anxious to provide a handy means for identification than to attach the stigma of crime on something which the conscience of our people resolutely and increasingly refuses to regard as crime. And when one remembers that there are states in which a "violation of the Volstead act" can amount to nothing more criminal than serving a bottle of mineral water to a gentleman who is sitting pretty with a flask in his hip-pocket, the effrontery of the new ruling is apparent. Another of its features has not escaped Mr. Phelps-Phelps. Remembering that the Department has no shame in employing members of the underworld (whose own fingerprints are possibly already filed in drawers and cabinets) he exclaims: "This new order should be subtitled 'making graft easy.' With what delight it must have been hailed by the hold-up men in the bureau's employ!"

AN IMPORTANT reform was adopted by the conference of prohibition administrators at Washington. It was decided that hereafter dry agents patrolling public highways shall wear "a distinctive uniform" consisting of a cap and shield. Thus, by acquiring at small expense a cap and a shield, any professional night-robber can now be sure that he can make his prospective victim halt at his command, under the impression that he is a dry agent. At present persons so addressed at night have a way of hastening on. Now, however, when they see a shield and cap of any kind dimly visible in the darkness, they will think they are being stopped by an officer of the law, and, if they are honest men themselves, will comply. This will greatly increase the comfort and facilitate the operation of the hold-up or bandit industry. At present those engaged in that profession, no matter how great their business skill, often have to work for an entire evening without profit owing to the instinctive distrustfulness of those with whom they have intended to do business; but thanks to this reform a hitherto haphazard occupation will be brought to a high degree of efficiency. Though he does not give precisely these grounds, Prohibition

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Commissioner Doran expresses, in an interview, much confidence that the change in "uniform" will be beneficial in its effect.

IN MONSIGNOR James Hugh Ryan, Bishop Shahan, retiring Rector of the Catholic University of America, will find a worthy successor. A distinguished figure in the fields of Catholic education and philosophy, Monsignor Ryan will bring to his new post a broad understanding of executive and instructional problems, to meet which his experiences have particularly equipped him. At present associate professor of philosophy at the university, he has been for some years in intimate touch with the work Bishop Shahan has carried on so successfully. As executive secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, editor of the New Scholasticum, a quarterly review of philosophy, and a member of the editorial staff of Speculum, a journal of mediaeval studies, the new rector has actively participated in a wide sphere of Catholic and secular intellectual activities. He has won honors for his compilation, translation and publication in book form of the Encyclicals of Pope Pius XI. In addition he has written numerous pamphlets on educational questions and contributed articles to many current American and European reviews and scientific journals, including (may we modestly recall) The Commonweal itself.

A YEAR ago no experiment in higher education seemed more promising than the college then being organized under the direction of Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn at the University of Wisconsin. Here a number of favored students were to be permitted to "grow" in a new way, while a selected faculty stood by to water these interesting young flowers at the psychological moment. Now that the new method of intellectual horticulture has been in effect one year, the chief impression left with the spectator is the surmisal that—material has been gathered for a new book about education! Dr. Meiklejohn evidently has a dream, but neither he nor anyone else seems able to recall the details when daylight comes round. In saying during one of his addresses that the young man or woman ought to have adopted no intellectual tenets or rules of conduct until he or she had reached eighteen years, he shocked many good Wisconsin parents who were sorely tried by the task of wondering what the family household would have been like under such conditions. The Doctor appears to have been expressing his yearning for the "plasticity" of mind which every teacher desires, but obviously forgot (as so many of his kind do) that clay needs the faculty of hardening as well as the quality of malleability.

MORE than once we have scoffed at the practice of bringing castles and cloisters from Europe to the United States. It is a more magnificent display of silliness by far than cramming folio editions of Greek orators into the library of a citizen whose swift rise to wealth interfered with the development of his mind. Now the time has come to say that the restoration project sponsored by Mr. John D. Rockefeller jr., at Williamsburg, Virginia, is the reverse of all this. It testifies—in much the same way as Mr. Rockefeller's previous benefactions have testified—to an intelligent understanding of American history, tradition and cultural needs. At a cost of millions of dollars, this venerable old town, the houses and public buildings of which are associated with the great—Washington and Jefferson, Patrick Henry and General McClellan—and the quiet beauty of which, if it can be restored, will stir the hearts of future generations. Here we shall learn to know the vista of our national aspirations, and see, in the loveliness of a great architecture and the redolence of remembrances, the spiritual things of which we have been capable as a people. Meanwhile one has the pleasant feeling that in sponsoring all this admirable work Mr. Rockefeller is not so much trying to erect a monument to himself as to render homage, earnestly and unostentatiously, to his country's abiding virtues and seeking to preserve that historical American background, far richer than many believe, whose value is not to be measured in money terms, and whose loss no expenditure would ever replace.

OBSERVING the centenary of the deaths of Voltaire and Rousseau (for these heralds of the French Revolution died all but simultaneously) has not been anything like a popular pastime in the United States. Europeans, however, have been moved to speculate upon what remains of the influence of the two men. Writing in the Deutsche Rundschau, Dr. Otto Hachtmann sums up the meaning of Voltaire to contemporary Germany in a few paragraphs which have more than a little critical value. In so far as the "educated men" of Germany are concerned, he says, the "enlightenment" sponsored by the author of Candide is ignored as something dry, flat and stale. The modern savant has lost his confidence in the ability of reason and science to solve all human problems, and bows to the presence of mysteries which will probably never be fully understood. Ironically enough the spokesmen for Marxian doctrine—which the fastidious Voltaire would have chuckled over loudly—are the outstanding modern burrowers into the literature of the Encyclopedia. Rosseau, on the other hand, though possibly remembered only vaguely at best, has—if we can credit Dr. Hachtmann—an extraordinary charm for the contemporary German. His conception of democratic government, his advocacy of living close to nature and his ideas of pedagogy are being restated from a thousand platforms. Indeed something like a new Rousseau-ism has been spreading over all of Europe excepting England, where the chief doctrines of Voltaire were born and where they have been revived every time the nation's faith ebbed away under the pressure of economic hardship.

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THE saving of baby lives is one of the great scientific achievements of the modern age. That there is still plenty of room for betterment, however, is evident from the literature of half a dozen benevolent organizations. Now federal statistics for the past year indicate an improvement of 9 percent, the national infant mortality rate being sixty-four per thousand. A California city heads the list; Baltimore sinks to the bottom of the catalogue of larger cities. Generally speaking, the effect of health campaigns has been noticeable in all the metropolitan areas. Many rural districts have yet to receive their first inkling of maternity or child-health clinics, although there are numerous signs of improvement. One hopes for the day when no room will be left for ignorance regarding these matters. Motherhood is the nation's most important and difficult business. It is rightly the theme of poetry, but should also abide in the centre of the circle presided over by common sense. We are glad to see there is a growing number of Catholic social workers who are interested in the problem and willing to expend their energies in helping to solve it. If only we citizens could man a thousand such "traveling clinics" as Father Edwin O'Hara has been experimenting with so courageously in Oregon!

APPROVED WORKMEN

MUCH has been written, much more will be written, about the Catholic renaissance now in progress in the United States. Since an observer is never sufficiently able to disassociate himself from his era to get a true perspective of a movement, it will remain for historians of a later generation to trace the motivating forces, with their immediate and remote effects, into a comprehensive design of progress and fulfilment.

A certain scepticism often attaches itself to the dicta of current writers and lecturers when they deal with subjects so intangible as a spiritual awakening, and many Catholics, with the indulgence usually shown any extreme zealot, are inclined to dismiss an exposition of such a resurgence. There is much justification in this incredulity because of the unfortunate tendency toward over-exaggeration. Again, every man's aptitude to gauge spiritual progress as applied to a mass must proportionately depend on his own spiritual progress. If apathetic, sheepish, self-conscious or bored while attending to his necessary religious duties, certainly he will see no outward manifestation of it among the generality of his fellow parishioners. Yet he who realizes the significance and beauty of the Faith he possesses becomes conscious of a very real, active, increasing and abiding love of the Church, which inescapably must ensue in a strong and filial love of God. For him, then, there is no unreality in the assertion of a renaissance. He is a part of it, he pulses with its blood, he glows with its vitality.

The spontaneity of any movement is always a proof of its genuineness and a factor meriting success. Leaders are not worthy of their positions if they fail to win men who are active believers in a cause, not unreasoning followers temporarily dazzled by eloquence or logic beyond their comprehension. In consequence it becomes vastly more preferable for a cause to create its own leaders than for leaders to create a cause. This procedure has always been particularly, although by no means exclusively, American. A conviction that Catholicism practises the direct antithesis is somewhat responsible for the attacks on the Church as "priest-ridden" and hostile to lay leadership. Yet there is no paradox in the statement that the Church seeks and often depends on its laity to assume precisely such a position, although at the same time she strictly maintains the authority of her ordained ministers.

Ignorance of their faith, an accusation which is frequently directed against Catholics, can be effectively used against the members of most religions. But, although there are Catholics who are shamefully lacking in knowledge of the tenets of Catholicism, they are in an ever-decreasing and small proportion. The greater trouble is that belief is not always accompanied by ability to explain those things for which that belief stands. To right this situation has always been a task which lay Catholics, in many ways, are especially fitted to undertake. In no spirit of smugness or self-satisfaction, The Commonweal can assert that the accomplishment of such a purpose is among its reasons for existence. It is not alone in the field nor are the possibilities of the field exhausted.

Therefore it is most encouraging to note the advent of new lay Catholic leadership in the formation of a society—The Approved Workmen—which, with the approbation of the Right Reverend Thomas E. Molloy, Bishop of Brooklyn, has been instituted in that diocese. Fully alive to the splendor of things spiritual, this group is pledged to impress upon its members the "seriousness of life, and as a corollary, the value of their souls." It reasons that too many Catholics have not been touched by the energizing influence of "the new spring" of the Catholic Church in America and hopes, by a constant widening of its scope, to add volume and strength to the lay apostolate. Such an extension is designed to carry forward the intensive individual impetus to the higher life, so beautifully initiated at the laymen's retreats. Each member, who must be a regular communicant of the Catholic Church, will receive individual direction and, through a prescribed course of instruction extending over two years, will be qualified to instruct others. In addition an adaptation of the forum idea is planned to be the most popular part of the work. The devotion of her children and their strict adherence in the practice of their faith has always been a bulwark of the Church. To encourage and promote such important example is one of the most notable services laymen, individually and collectively, can perform.

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GERRYMANDERING THE CITIES

By MARK O. SHRIVER

IT IS quite possible, and, if a third party movement should assume sizeable proportions, probable, that the failure of Congress to reapportion congressional representation according to the 1920 census will have serious effect on the result of the approaching presidential elections. Under the second section of the first article of the constitution it is provided that representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, and that enumerations shall be made within every period of ten years. That provision is neither permissive nor suggestive but clearly mandatory and, until this present period, it has been unfailingly respected and observed. There had never been a thought of failure to obey it and obedience, ordinarily, had followed speedily on the publication of the census figures.

With each succeeding enumeration the unit of representation had been increased, rising from 30,000 in 1787 to something like 237,000 in 1910 and the constant result has been to increase the membership of the House. Today that membership totals 435 making a cumbersome body, difficult to manage and control, in which sober consideration of measures proposed is impracticable, if not quite impossible. Continuing increase is undesirable, and, as no state is pleased to see its delegates decreased for the sake of preserving peace, the effort has been to arrange matters so that no state shall suffer such a loss.

The problem presents many difficulties and complications. Under the 1920 census, unless the representation basis is considerably advanced the membership would rise to 483 and so, to avoid that contingency, and to avoid, too, loss by any state, no attention at all has been paid to the constitutional mandate. Both major party platforms have declared for law enforcement and respect for the constitution but, apparently, as old Rip Van Winkle used to say, this is one time that does not count.

Spasmodic efforts have been made to comply, it is true, but each successively has come to naught. Seven years ago a bill providing for a House of 460 was introduced, and rejected by a vote of 197 to 183. In the spring of 1927 another bill which held the membership to 435 was considered. It involved shifting members from some states to others, offering a gain for thirteen and imposing a loss on seventeen, and it met the common fate, going down before the assaults which were made upon it. Its opponents held that 1920 was an unusual year. The figures, they said, did not show the normal increase and distribution of population and a change based on those figures would not fairly establish the just proportion of representation. It was especially urged that such allotments would be unfair to the rural districts which then showed a marked decrease, though it should be noted that under calculations of the Census Bureau any community of 2,500 or more is considered urban, despite the fact that small town residents are as intensely rural as the loudest shouters for equalization fees and McNary-Haugenism. The bill was not to become effective until 1930 so it was further urged that apportionment on figures of that census would be more fair. The fact that in 1927 representation was still based on the census of 1910 was not considered. Those figures are eighteen years old now and the injustice to urban districts, especially to those residents in the larger cities, has been intensified with every passing year. It is because of that fact, largely, that the efforts to secure a new apportionment constantly fail.

Once the United States was a nation truly rural but in recent years it has become intensely urban. In 1910 the country people were in the majority but since then, up to 1920, city dwellers have increased 27 percent against a general increase of 9 percent. The twelve larger cities alone show a growth of 24 percent to offset a general rural growth of only 15 percent. Since then the trend has been more pronounced and the injustice of misrepresentation appears, when the figures are compiled, even more pronounced.

The shrieking importance of all this is found, as has been pointed out, in the fact that this is a presidential year when, by the votes, not of the people but of the states acting through the electoral college, a new President is to be chosen who will, in all probability, according to precedent, serve two terms, or eight years as our chief executive.

We are apt to forget that the people do not elect our Presidents. There is much talk of popular majorities, but the method is established by the twelfth amendment which provides that electors, chosen by the people, shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President of the United States. The tallies of their votes, duly signed, sealed and certified are forwarded to the President of the Senate who, in the presence of both houses of congress, opens and counts them. Thereupon, the persons receiving the greatest number, if such number shall be a majority of the whole number of electors, shall be President and Vice-President respectively.

Subsequent possible action, in the event that no one shows a clear majority, on the part of the House in choosing a President is dependent on the apportionment of representation, for when the House votes thus, it votes not by individuals but by units. The vote is by states and the majority in each state determines for which of the three persons having received the highest votes in the electoral college, the state vote shall be cast.

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Now each state has electors to equal the number of her congressmen, plus two, that is, to equal her representation in both houses, and so while each state has one elector for each senator the weight of the state in the college is mightily affected by the list of her representatives. A change of one could switch a state vote and so alter the result of an election.

It is generally believed that the result of the popular vote and the electoral vote always coincide and usually that is true. It has been markedly true in recent years when enormous majorities in both have gone to the successful candidates, but there have been notable exceptions.

In 1824 when William H. Crawford, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams and others were candidates, Jackson was given ninety-nine electoral votes and Adams eighty-four with the others scattered. There being no majority, the House was called on to elect and when Clay threw his strength against Jackson the choice fell on Adams who had nothing near a popular majority. Again, in 1876, Samuel J. Tilden was given a greater popular vote than Mr. Hayes and by decision of the notorious seven-to-eight commission he was held to have won fewer electoral votes, and to have been the loser in that memorable contest. Once more, in 1888, Mr. Cleveland received a popular majority of 100,000 over Benjamin Harrison but Mr. Harrison had a majority of sixty-five in the electoral college, and was elected to the presidency.

In our present congress twenty-two states have divided delegations, and twenty-six are represented solidly by adherents of one or the other of the two great parties. Arizona, Delaware, Nevada, New Mexico and Wyoming with one representative each, Idaho, Utah, New Hampshire and Vermont with two each, are all in the block of "solid" states. They have a population of less than two and three quarter millions and cast, in 1924, about nine hundred and forty-five thousand votes and yet, with North Dakota, South Dakota, Oregon and Rhode Island with three each, all solid, we find thirteen states, just half of the solid block, where a switch of a very small number of voters in any one would make a tremendous difference in an election which happened to be thrown into the House.

Most of the states, solid or divided, lean heavily one way or the other. Pennsylvania has two Democratic representatives out of thirty-six, Texas one Republican out of eighteen, but since the recent population increases have been largely in cities, additional gains, where gains are to be made, would be by the metropolitan sections, the residents of which are not always in accord with their rustic compatriots.

Now if, keeping the House at the present figure, a new apportionment is made, California will gain six representatives, mainly because of the great expansion of Los Angeles, Michigan four because of the motor industries in and about Detroit, Ohio three, New Jersey and Texas two each and Connecticut, Arizona, Florida, Montana, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oklahoma and Washington one each, a total of twenty-five.

On the other hand Missouri would lose four, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Mississippi and New York two each and there would be a loss of one in Alabama, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Nebraska, North Dakota, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Tennessee—another twenty-five. Somewhere in that shift of fifty electoral votes, either in the electoral college or in the House, should choice devolve upon the House, the failure of Congress to respect and obey the mandate of the constitution would certainly influence the choice of him who is to guide our destinies during the next four years.

It is not a question of who may win by it, it is not a matter of Democratic gain nor of Republican loss, but solely a question of determining fairly and squarely, the will of the people, as expressed under the constitution, at the coming elections.

You Are Not Here

You are not here, whose fault but mine!
Thus in this beauty mine eyes dim,
Alone and longing for your eyes:
Through leafy bough and branching limb
I watch clouds drift across the skies
And long for you, my cherubim!

You are not here, whose shame but mine!
To watch reflections on the lake,
Sun shafts through sky-tinged ripples dive,
Frail rings the frailer overtake
Through the dark mirrored trees to drive
Whither the quivering rushes shake.

You are not here, whose grief but mine!
To hear the thrushes in the beech,
The cuckoo hidden in the green,
The herons on the muddy reach;
To see what every spring has seen,
Lessons that only love can teach!

You are not here, whose loss but mine!
To gaze with me across the heath
Splashed golden by the furze and broom,
Until the stars their swords unsheath,
The west bolts up her flaming room,
As mists the eager moon unwreathe.

You are not here, whose pain but mine!
To glimpse the swallows dip and rise;
To hear the rooks in noisy choir,
The murmuring of the skimming flies,
The cows returning to the byre—
The heavy breathing of my sighs!

You are not here, whose fault but mine,
To mark the swan's prophetic flight,
To listen to the nightingale,
The river ripple with delight,
The morbid owl's foreboding wail;
You are not with me, love, tonight!

EVAN MORGAN.

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ANGLO-SAXONS AND OTHERS

By JAMES J. WALSH

THE quotation in The Commonweal of June 20, 1928, from Mr. William Bradford Browne's letter to the Manchester Guardian (England) formulates one of the happy delusions that some old New England families have been cherishing for a series of generations, though any apparent ground for it was swept away long since by the publication of official historical documents. When history was written from vague general impressions gathered one knew not how nor whence, it was a comparatively simple thing to talk about the absolute purity of the English stock—Anglo-Saxon they call it now—in Massachusetts. Palfrey, for instance, in the introduction to his History of New England says:

> The people of New England are a singularly unmixed race. There is probably not a county in England occupied by a population of purer English blood than they are.

It is manifestly from this passage of Palfrey that Mr. William Bradford Browne who makes no secret of his undiluted pilgrim blood and speaks so modestly of "my ancestor, Governor Bradford" gets his interesting but quite fallacious expression:

> From its first settlement in 1620, our land was the home of the most homogeneous race on earth, even more purely Anglo-Saxon than the mother country.

But Palfrey began the publication of his History of New England just seventy years ago, in 1858. A great deal of historical matter has flowed underneath the bridge of time since then. It is true that forty years later Mr. Cabot Lodge in his History of the Revolution reëchoes Mr. Palfrey's words but even he is willing to admit that there were a few in New England who were not of English origin. He says that

> The people of New England were of almost pure English blood, with a small infusion of Huguenots and a slight mingling in New Hampshire of Scotch-Irish. . . .

I may remark in passing that the Scotch-Irish had been invented since Palfrey's time.

But documentary history was on the trail of such expressions. Before the end of the nineteenth century, the Secretary of State of Massachusetts authorized the publication from the state archives of the muster roll of the Massachusetts soldiers and sailors who fought in the Revolutionary War. This not only does not bear out at all what Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Lodge have asserted so emphatically of the purity of the English blood of the population of New England and above all of Massachusetts at this critical time, but on the contrary shows how absurd any such claim is. There is not a familiar Irish name that does not occur many times on that muster roll. By this I do not mean names that are sometimes English as well as Irish, but those that are unmistakably Irish. There were for instance over one hundred and fifty Kellys and something like ninety Burkes, though by some unaccountable circumstance there were only twenty-four Sheas. The Kellys and the Burkes and the Sheas of J. I. C. Clarke's Fighting Race were all there just as they were on the deck of the Maine when she went down more than a century later. There were nearly four hundred Briens and Bryans and O'Briens and other variants of that old Irish name. I once had the Great Commoner tell me that he was quite sure that his ancestors were Irish, he even went so far as to say that he was quite sure that they had been Catholics, though somehow they had lost their Catholicity, but they had not quite forgotten their Irishry. There are Ahearns and Brannigans and Bannons and Barretts and Careys and Carrolls and Connollys and Connors and Corcorans, Costellos and Costigans and Cosgroves, and so on right through the alphabet in the muster roll. Curiously enough there are no Lodges on the muster roll—and by the same token but six Cabots—but there is not an Irish name that I know beginning with "L" or "C" that is not well represented. There are no less than sixty-nine Larkins and a score of Learys and then there are Lonnergans and Lannigans and all the other Celtic patronymics in "L."

On March 17 of the current year, I was asked to make an address at the annual dinner of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston. That Society held its first dinner in 1737, nearly two hundred years ago, and, except during war time when many of its members were at the front, has, I am credibly informed, held dinners every year since. It seemed to me that it would be worth while to present to my Irish friends in Boston some of the evidence with regard to the comparative number of Irish who fought in the Revolutionary War and of their English compatriots in America who fulfilled the same honorable duty. I asked the Boston public library to send me the names of what might be considered the twenty most prominent families in Massachusetts. They were kind enough to do so and they also supplied me with a list of the number of times that these names occurred on the muster roll of the soldiers and sailors who fought in the Revolutionary War from Massachusetts. The library list is headed thus:

> Names taken at random from Plymouth and Boston colonial history occurring in the Massachusetts Revolutionary records: Adams, 662; Alden, 73; Baxter, 94; Bradford, 82; Brewster, 32; Bradstreet, 10; Carver, 36; Dudley, 68; Eliot, 43; Fuller, 394; Gorton, 16; Howland, 73; Hutchinson, 53; Mather, 5; Nowell, 25; Standish, 20; Thatcher, 37; Winslow, 152; Winthrop, 5.

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With the single exception of Adams, it is perfectly possible to go to the muster roll of Massachusetts for the Revolution, and find a typical Irish name beginning with the same letter or one very near it in the alphabet that occurs more times on the muster roll than that of its Anglo-Saxon compatriots. There is no Irish name with "A" to match with the Adamses in their devotion to their country in Massachusetts. This is almost true also of the Fullers, of whom there are 394 on the muster roll, though as I have said, there are very nearly four hundred O'Briens and Briens in various spellings that are usually set down as Irish.

Take for instance Bradford, since our Massachusetts friend who writes for the Manchester Guardian bears that honored name. There are eighty-two of them on the muster roll from Massachusetts but then there were something like ninety Burkes and there were nearly two hundred Barretts. Take the name of Brewster. On the Boston public library list it is credited with thirty-two occurrences on the muster roll. If the variants are taken, Brouster and Bruster and some others, there were over fifty of them. But even then they do not approach the Burkes or the Barretts. There were thirty-six Carvers, but then there are 136 Careys and Carys, and, while this is an English as well as an Irish name, as we know it in this country the name is predominantly Irish. There are forty-three Eliots on the list but there are more than that of Farleys and Ferleys and E before R in those days was pronounced with an A sound, as is evidenced by clerk, sergeant and Berkley. There are seventy-three Howlands on the library list but then there are more than that of Healeys and Haleys in the variant spellings of the times. There are only five Mathers on the library list, but there were over sixty Murphys who fought in the Revolution from Massachusetts. There are 152 Winslows on the library list but there are some two hundred Walshes and Welshes on the muster roll and, while Welsh is sometimes a Welsh name or comes from the southwest of England, it is nearly always Irish, never Anglo-Saxon. There are five Winthrops on the list but there are about twenty Whelans and Whalens.

There was a story that ran the rounds, of a family named Hogan in Boston who felt themselves degraded by their name and who went to court to have it changed to Homan or Homans. According to the story the Homans objected and the Hogans also appeared and suggested that the judge should grant these errant Hogans the right to the name Hogg. Well, if you go to the muster rolls, you will find the Hogans nearly as well represented among the Revolutionary soldiers from Massachusetts as the Homans. Of course a great many of these Irish names are in such variant spellings that sometimes it is a little bit hard to be sure that they are definitely Irish; but we know enough about the tendency of spelling in those days to be able to make out the probable provenience of the name and then besides the editors of the muster roll make it a point to indicate names that are of the same origin. It has sometimes been said that the reason for all these variant spellings of Irish names was the absolute ignorance of the Irish and their incapacity to spell their names or to recognize them when written. The Lord knows the poor Irish immigrants were ignorant enough and we know the reason for it—the penal laws of England. But there are other names that are variant beyond the Irish patronymics. The honored name of Coolidge for instance is spelled twenty-two different ways on the Massachusetts muster roll among a little more than a hundred of them.

Our friend from Massachusetts who wrote the letter to the Manchester Guardian happens to have run head on into one of the most interesting historical questions that we have, and that is how many men of Irish birth and descent fought in the Revolutionary War. We know that there were a great many and not a few of them from Massachusetts. Among the troops from Pennsylvania, "the Pennsylvania line" was so almost exclusively Irish that under General Wayne it was often spoken of as "the line of Ireland." Among the generals of the continental army, no less than nineteen were of Irish origin. A number of the men who were closest to Washington were of Irish birth or descent. They came from all parts of Ireland, from Limerick and Dublin and Cork and Wexford, from Longford and Fermanagh and Kings Counties, from Donnegal and Down and Derry.

It is extremely interesting to turn to Sabin's Loyalists in the American Revolution and see how few names of Irish extraction are on it. There is a Bradford, however, a graduate of Harvard, 1760, a loyalist who left the country and held office under the crown in the Bahamas. There are several Brownes and also Browns, one of whom was about to be hung for treason and was saved by the intervention of Washington. One of the Browns in South Carolina was tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail because of bitter opposition to the colonial cause. He moved to Florida and eventually to the Bahamas.

It is easy to understand from this what a delusion Mr. Bradford Browne is under when he assures his friends in England that "our land was the home of the most homogeneous race on earth, even more purely Anglo-Saxon than the mother country." That was good history apparently even thirty-five years ago, but not since the publication of the documents in the matter. No wonder the Cambridge Modern History editors declared that

> The long conspiracy against the revelation of truth has gradually given way and the honest student finds himself continually deserted, misled by the classics of historical literature.

Sometime we shall know the racial composition of Washington's army but so far as documentary history has gone we are quite sure that the majority of it did not come from New England.

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A MEMORY AND SOME LETTERS

By HESTER SIGERSON PIATT

I REMEMBER, very clearly, the first time I saw Louis Imogene Guiney.

My sister, Dora, and I had been told of the probable arrival of the distinguished American poet and scholar. But, as poets, more or less distinguished abounded in our lives in those days, and eminent scholars were not rare, nor literary voyagers, we were not especially interested. Nor were we much daunted when it fell out that we had to sustain her first visit unsupported.

Our worst anticipation was that our guest might be too obviously bored and difficult when she found herself obliged to endure our society while my father disentangled himself from some engagement, as we knew him to be the magnet attracting all such visitors.

That fear did not outlast the first friendly, twinkling glance through her spectacles; the first humorous smile that curved her pretty lips; the eager warmth of her hand clasp. She seemed as much delighted to meet the unknown young daughters as the distinguished father. It might almost have been so—she had such a genius for being interested in things and people. It was one of her charms—this multitude of interests and sympathies.

In a moment she was seated between us telling us, not about the mediaeval saints and poets, nor any other of the lofty subjects of her literary researches, but of her favorite pets, her Saint Bernard dog (I have an old photograph of her taken with that beloved friend of hers); of her life at school and her gymnastic feats while there and since, seasoning all with that whimsical, Puck-like sense of fun which was always such a joy to her friends.

We speedily forgot that she was what moderns call a "highbrow" for she talked to us like a jolly schoolgirl—no, schoolboy! For, in spite of the fine delicacy of her features, she had about her a breezy air of boyhood. The friends who have written about her since her death have paid tribute to this virile, open-air quality, which, linked with her genius as poet and scholar, and the irrepressible humor and wit which bubbled up even when she talked of the most abstruse and learned subjects (like a spring of sparkling water in a dusty road) made her so absolutely unique a personality.

There were many other characteristics, too, besides her devotion to her Church and faith: there was that spirit of high romance, the knightliness of soul, drawn perhaps from her soldier forbears—her father, a colonel in the federal army, her great-grandfather fighting for liberty in Ireland in 1798; she, herself, almost cradled in the camps of the Civil War.

This, with her sensitiveness and sympathies, equally keen; her reticence; the pride in which she wrapped herself, like a cloak hiding her wounds, when, in those last years at Oxford, ill health, disappointments, money troubles and the great war (which killed, or helped to kill, so many non-combatants) gathered about her in ever-closing, inimical ranks.

Somehow it is of herself I think when reading her Knight Errant:

> Spirits of old that bore me,
> And set me, meek of mind,
> Between great dreams before me,
> And dreams as great behind,
> Knowing humanity my star
> As first abroad I ride,
> Shall help me wear, with every scar,
> Honor at eventide. . . .

There were no forebodings, however, in those happy days of her first visit to Ireland, and, when she had thoroughly explored old Dublin, and especially whatever traces remained of Clarence Mangan's shadowy and unhappy sojourn, I find her writing, what may have been her first letter to my father (Dr. George Sigerson) from Carlow where she and her mother were visiting some Irish cousins in April, 1890:

> Dear Doctor, Here we be as happy and wild in the Barrow valley as a couple of herons. I eat, I sleep, I roll in the barn, choke up the post office and scandalize the Church. Moreover, I hear [she had an intermittent deafness] sharp as the very imp of gossip! There's some horrible twaddle of mine in Lippincott and more and worse in the coming Harper. . . . Don't read 'em: they were written several years before you had regenerated me with electricity. I am pleased to be here where I can hide my head behind sheep, geese and other erring sects. Have you received the Pilot with the little review of Political Prisoners? More citation than criticism if I remember. Commend me to dear Mrs. Sigerson and everybody—the poles of which are represented by Mr. O'Leary and Bran.

"Mr. O'Leary" was John O'Leary, the Fenian "Bran" our dog.

The next letter is dated from London and in the succeeding month:

> This is a prod, by your leave, to remind you that I am awaiting the day of your triple arrival with a sentiment not found in Job. Do bring Dora and Hester! I will show them one or two live London scribblers and a host of dead ones, and take a new vacation, meanwhile, for myself for I am in a glorious grind already, secundum artem. . . . Well, thanks to you, and love to you and your praises wherever I can sing them. Remember us affectionately to Mrs. Sigerson and to the Mediaeval Phantasmagoria, more power to her! from Clondalkin. [Katherine Tynan.]

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By the next letter it is two years later and she had returned home to Auburndale, Boston, Massachusetts. She writes a long letter, lamenting in her own whimsical style her failure to meet Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell (the author of the Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade) during Mrs. O'Connell's visit to America. She says:

> By this post I am sending you my little book just published, or just published-and-three-weeks-over, as I have kept it waiting until I could make out to write to you. You will preceive an irruption of dog-Latin on the fly-leaf. Meanwhile something appalling has happened of which I proceed to make a clean breast. Mrs. Morgan O'Connell: that's the long and short of it! I don't know that I shall ever dare to look you in the eye again.

She goes on to relate the various accidents which delayed their meeting and the final catastrophe when she sends in her card on Mrs. O'Connell's last day in Boston, and suddenly becoming ill, is obliged to leave the hotel without being able to follow it up herself. She writes:

> As for me I will cheerfully hang myself on Mrs. O'Connell's gateposts in Tipperary. Wasn't it the irony of fate that this inhospitality and incivility should befall your friend, likely to be the most welcome guest, because of that, who ever crossed my rural threshold? And (O horror!) I learn that Mrs. O'Connell was a genuine personage.
>
> Were she only a jolly Bohemian poet I might hope my enormity might be forgiven. I should have liked immensely to have met the happy lady who has made family records of the Wild Geese. . . . That is how it was and you may tell her sometime, that it is consoling for me to think that her impressions of Boston—thanks to Bunker Hill and Dr. Holmes—were not greatly vitiated by the hitherto unexplained vagaries of the worst Bostonian.
>
> Things are about as usual [she continues] and of course we have no present prospects of crossing the sea again. I am doing some editing and a good deal of miscellaneous planning and scribbling now that I am awakened, like the dormouse, from a long trance. I am quite as deaf as when you knew me or very little less so and I have made up my mind to consider the ludicrous blunders I have been able to make now for two years as highly diverting and novel. It is so much better, too, to have a muffled drum, than to be prodigiously fat, or to admire Mr. Ibsen, or to fall in love! Did you get my article on Mangan? I mean to better it in many ways before ever it gets into a book. I send to your care for Mr. O'Leary a squib of mine in the Atlantic. Please tell him, as the best item in what I intended as a colossal joke, that I myself, am no Grecian at all. Several people in other parts of the country wrote asking earnestly for the "originals."
>
> I remember everybody I met in Dublin and I believe I love everybody. Here is a letter for your two poets and much love with it for their father from his leige-woman always—

Her next letter is written in 1897—

> My ain Doctor: Your Café de la Régence letter, a joy forever, was written on September 15; and my pious purpose in making these enclosures is to show you that my own notion about reviewing the Bards [Bards of the Gael and Gall, by Dr. Sigerson] outran your wish that I should do so. You see the Bookman said me nay and that my old friend the Chap-book agrees to print the stuff, which I shall send soon. All the same it breaks my heart to hold forth publicly on that book and I shall fail to appraise it even approximately well. I am monstrous pleased that you think the Mangan [James Clarence Mangan: Poems and a Study by the Editor, Louise Imogen Guiney. Published 1897] an honest piece of work.

In '98 she writes (dating her letter June 4, Lord Edward's anniversary) expressing her sorrow and sympathy on my mother's death. The letter continues in this way:

> I wish I might send you to divert you for a quarter-hour the review I yet will write on your glorious book. At my best I shall handle it but feebly, but ça ira: all I stipulate is that I shall be at my best let come what may. . . . I have been in such a miserable mood of inertia and non-expression these many, many dull months that I have not dared to touch pen to paper on that or any other topic. As for the muse I believe I shall never see her more.
>
> Meanwhile I have copied for you an old verse published early in 1895; and I am going to beg you whether you think it (you of Tyrone and also of "Parnaso Mount"!) at all to your liking? For if so it be, and though narrative be not my métier in general, I wish much to dedicate it to you when my next book comes out at Christmas.
>
> I mean to follow Lionel Johnson's super-excellent fashion and star every page with the name of a friend. I have just told Dora how Mr. Grant Richards, a London publisher, asked me for another book also of verse on English themes: chiefly old things of 1890, but the volume I speak of is good American and Bostonian.

This is the last I can find of Louise Imogen Guiney's letters to my father. If I received any myself they have gone in the winds of thirty intervening years.

In my copy of her Roadside Harp she wrote "Hester's," and reading its exquisite poetry I can find again the brilliant and dear friend who dedicated it to the sisters of that happy Dublin meeting long ago.

Dora Sigerson Shorter (who was herself a poet—the young muse "to her native fountains led" of the inscription) was to die two years before its author passed in 1920:

> Drawn to the quiet centre of God who is our sea
> Whither through troubled valleys we also follow thee.

The title page and index for Volume VII of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume VII in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE PLAY AND THE SCREEN

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Intruder

THE first reasonably interesting play of the faintly dawning new season is by Paul Eldridge. It is interesting because of its subject matter which is serious, though by no means novel; because of the author's treatment, which is dignified and earnest; and lastly because of implications which the author evidently felt, but did not succeed in bringing out with sufficient clearness. It might have been a very fine play, but has missed that distinction by several obvious faults in construction and by a frequent lack of theatre sense in unduly prolonged scenes. It has, at least in production, a curiously literal quality which seems to be in fairly constant conflict with the author's large ideas and often reduces scenes of potential value to a commonplace and possibly objectionable realism.

One can tell the story very crudely by saying that a doctor, in a fit of loneliness during his wife's absence, has an affair with his office assistant, finds himself later the father of her child, and, being at heart a man of honor, is saved from an impossible dilemma only by the girl's relinquishing all claim upon him when she discovers how much his wife really means to him. But that would hardly do justice to Mr. Eldridge's theme. For his Dr. Weston is a man of unusual sensitiveness, quite unfitted to face the sterner realities of his profession, and deeply dependent on the maternal quality of his wife's love. Their marriage being childless (the real reason is left distressingly vague) Mrs. Weston is both wife and mother to him, and the implication is that he has been gladly faithful to her for twenty years. When she has to leave him for two weeks, he is utterly unnerved, lonely and quite helpless without her companionship. One of his patients dies—something he has never learned to face unmoved—and another is dying. After office hours, he talks to his assistant at first in a mood of sheer loneliness. Then he takes some wine. What then happens is one of those swift and terrible reactions against inner fear, against oncoming age, too, which attack only the more highly strung natures. A passing evil possession—or so, at least, the author's lines would indicate. But the literal quality of much of the direction brings most of this first scene dangerously close to a mere drunken debauch. Moreover, as a matter of construction, the play needs an entire first act to build up the character of the doctor and his relationship to his wife. By the time we know what his better self is really like, the play has gotten off on a wrong note of apparent, though not genuine, sordidness, and the study of the doctor as a sort of Hamlet character becomes sadly confused with the realistic details of a commonplace plot.

In the later development—the second act is six years after the first—we get the new note of inner torture and remorse in the doctor, complicated by a real love conflict between the youth of the girl and the maternal tenderness of his wife. There is never any question in his mind as to where his duty lies. He seeks only his wife's happiness. But until the girl, Katy, determined to have him for herself, threatens to end all concealment, he does not find the courage to confess. In the third act, Katy returns to demand from Mrs. Weston herself her husband's release. She discovers that the doctor has confessed everything, and Katy's eyes are at last opened to a new conception of love and devotion through Mrs. Weston's understanding. In the end, Katy leaves, conscious at last that she has been nothing more than an intruder, and that even her motherhood does not give her a claim on the doctor superior to the marriage that has been his inspiration for twenty-five years.

We can say, then, that this play sets out to be one of understanding—to show how the weakness of one man can, in the end, bring out the heroism of two women of totally different age, character and background. Its fault lies in not reaching and maintaining that plane, due partly to confused writing, and partly to faults of direction and staging. The acting, at least on the part of the two women, is uncommonly good.

Strange Interlude Recast

BY FAR the most important feminine acting rôle of this season is that of Nina in O'Neill's Strange Interlude. It was created by Lynn Fontanne, and many people have wondered if any other actress could take her place without deep injury to the values of the play. For this reason Judith Anderson had courage as well as good fortune when the part was offered to her and she accepted. Let me say at once that she does a remarkably fine piece of work, revealing unexpected powers. But there is one important distinction between her conception and that of Miss Fontanne. The latter played Nina with an overtone of universality, as if she stood for a whole type of womanhood. There was something Greek to her, as of a woman possessed by conflicting gods. Miss Anderson plays Nina as an individual, so that the plot of the play at once becomes more important than its psychic struggle. And by far the weakest part of O'Neill's experiment is his plot. He is not a great thinker, nor is he a master craftsman. His genuis lies in great explosions of almost subconscious feeling. (At the John Golden Theatre.)

The Complete Talking Movie

AT LAST we know the worst! The complete, full-length talking movie is with us. Not a movie like Glorious Betsy in which only a few words are spoken here and there, but a movie in which the dialogue is continuous, unbroken by any of the familiar pantomime and captions. The name of the first specimen is The Lights of New York, and it fulfills every prediction that talking movies can never hope to be more than a poor substitute for the speaking stage.

The traditional movie does create illusion. It is an art by itself, so distinct from that of the theatre as to involve no real conflict. But the full talking movie, even with every allowance for the crudeness of all first efforts, violates illusion at every instant. The voices all come from one spot. They do not issue from the mouths of the actors. A man's lips are moving to the right of the screen and his voice bursts forth from somewhere near the centre of the rug. The artificiality of the whole mechanism fairly shrieks at one. There is no blending of eye and ear impressions, as in listening to the speech of a living actor. The mind is compelled to perform two functions at once, and the resulting effort, though largely unconscious, is destructive of that one sensation so supremely important to effective illusion—the sense of "losing one's self."

The merely mechanical details are, of course, subject to much later improvement; above all a recording perfection that will enable the actors to speak faster and with better modulation. The use of well-written dialogue by practised playwrights can make the screen plays themselves more interesting than the present cheap product. But at its supreme best, there is no promise here of a real art, creating its own traditions and conventions. It is a sheer substitute—and it will never be anything more than that.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE BOUNDARIES OF CATHOLIC LIBERALISM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor—Doctor Ryan's reply to my question is characteristically clear, complete and frank and I am in agreement therewith and grateful therefor.

Before proposing my next few questions let me say that I accept, at least in some measure, the qualification he offers to my "groundwork" as to the effectiveness of the individual native ability in determining his economic function and reward. One must judge of these things by one's experience of facts as one has seen them. My own observation of life in this country is that there is much truth in the axiom that "you cannot keep a good man down"—nevertheless, I can agree with Doctor Ryan that equality of educational opportunity is a fundamental requisite in a liberal program. So there is so far no real difference between us.

My next series of questions is concerned with "public ownership and operation" as opposed to "private ownership under public regulation" or "private ownership" unqualified. Here also a word or two of "groundwork" is necessary.

Certain industries are naturally competitive—that is, they can function at full efficiency and without waste under fully competitive conditions, e. g., manufacturing of iron and steel, motors, paper, canned goods, etc. Others function most effectively under monopolistic or semi-monopolistic conditions; e. g., telephone, electric current supply, water supply, etc. Some businesses function best in large integrated units; e. g., iron and steel plants, motors, etc. Others can function effectively in a series of separate units rather loosely tied together; e. g., chain stores, paper plants, canning plants, etc. Some businesses are by their nature localized; e. g., banking. Some are universal in scope; e. g., the supply of articles of common general use.

Now the questions that I have to propose are these:

1. What is the principle which determines whether a given economic function is properly a function of government and not one which may best be performed by individuals acting either under governmental regulation or unrestrictedly?

2. What is the principle which defines the scope or province of governmental "regulation" in the case of privately owned and operated activities subject to such regulation?

3. Can a government, which is unable to "regulate" successfully a given activity, operate it successfully?

Let me emphasize here the point that I am not seeking to start any discussion of the relative "efficiency" or "inefficiency" of public as contrasted with private ownership and operation. What I am seeking is the norm or principle which should determine their respective provinces according to the liberal theory. My third question in particular should be answered in the light of this caveat. One more remark—circumstances, of course, alter cases and facts at a time and a place must always determine the application of applicable principles.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor—Mr. Woodlock's classification of industries for the purposes of this discussion would, I assume, be accepted by all students of the subject, except Socialists. His desire that the answers to his questions be based upon norms or principles rather than upon a personal estimate of the actual and comparative efficiency of public and private operation, I am glad to make my own, although, as I shall point out below, it cannot be completely realized in relation to his third question.

1. The general principle is the common good. Any industrial enterprise which attains this end better under public than under private operation should be publicly owned and operated. "Better attained," however, means in the long run rather than temporarily, and includes other social considerations as well as good service at lower prices. The latter point would be exemplified in public operation which might be so general as to discourage unduly individual initiative in the field that properly belongs to private operation. The general public injury thus resulting might not be offset by the economic benefits received by the consumers of the government-produced services. Moreover, public operation is not justified which promotes the common good only equally with private operation. In this situation, the demands of individual initiative and development turn the scale against public operation. These principles suggest that government operation has no proper place outside of monopolistic industries except where it may be the most effective means of enforcing actual competition and preventing unnecessary and harmful monopolies.

2. If I understand this question aright the answer is that regulation should aim to ensure adequate services at fair charges; in other words, to give the consumer of naturally monopolistic products and services the benefits which he obtains in competitive industries.

3. This question cannot be intelligently answered merely in terms of principle. Certainly it cannot be answered categorically under this restriction. How can one know whether inability to regulate a given industry implies inability to operate it, unless one examines the nature of the industry and the experience of the government with operation and with regulation? It would be easy to mention governments which are too dishonest or too incompetent either to operate or to regulate. The wording of the question might seem to suggest that there is an a priori connection between the latter and the former—that a government which cannot regulate a certain industry successfully will necessarily be unable to operate it successfully. Of course, it is not possible to demonstrate any such logical or metaphysical necessity. The question can be resolved only on the basis of experience.

On this basis I would answer that a competent government might find it considerably easier to promote the public good, to provide the consumer with adequate service and fair charges, through operation than through regulation. The reason is to be found in certain specific difficulties to which the latter is subject and which seem greater than the difficulties that confront public operation. Adequate service could probably be enforced through regulation in practically all monopolistic industries. In some such industries fair rates to the consumer seem to be almost impossible of attainment by this method in the United States. The obstacles are: the fair rate of return to the corporation, as construed by the courts, and the valuation upon which the return is to be computed. In several recent cases, for example, the attempt of the Interborough Company to obtain an increase of fare on its railways in New York city, the federal district court awarded the company an interest return of 8 per cent. Inasmuch as a considerable portion, probably one-half, of the property represents money which the company borrowed at 5 percent or less, this award is

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equivalent to 10 percent or more on the money which the stockholders themselves provided for the concern. Were the city operating the railways it would not have to allow itself interest charges of more than 5 percent.

Even greater difficulties and obstacles are created by the problem of valuation. If the value of the property is to be measured by the present cost of reproduction, the following and other troublesome questions are raised: Should "going value" and other intangible and controversial elements be included in the valuation? What is to be done when expert estimates of reproduction costs vary so widely as in the majority of cases? Why should the companies and the public be put to the very great expense of making valuations? Why should the consumer be compelled to provide interest not merely upon the money which the capitalist has provided but upon a valuation which has no more substantial basis than an increase in the general price level? In the case of the Indianapolis Water Company, the supreme court allowed a rate of return and a valuation which yield the company about 30 percent on its actual investment. Were the city of Indianapolis operating the concern it would not need to get from the consumers more than the equivalent of 5 or 6 percent.

The relative inefficiency of public operation (which in some degree I am inclined to concede) would have to be very great and notorious to put upon the consumer as great a burden of costs as that saddled upon him by controlling judicial decisions concerning the fair rate of return and the proper measure of valuation. Mindful of the caveat laid down by Mr. Woodlock, I do not attempt to decide this question of fact. I merely affirm that government ability to operate successfully may be quite consistent with government inability to regulate effectively. The two situations present no intrinsic contradiction.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

OUR MISTAKE

Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—My attention has been called to a matter in which, I am confident, you will be equally interested.

In your issue of June 6, there appeared an article entitled Can a City Man Be President? by George William Douglas. On page 140 you print:—"Rev. George William Douglas, examining chaplain for the Episcopal Diocese of New York and Canon of Saint John the Divine, is author of Hints to Sunday School Teachers; Prayers for Children. . . ."

Evidently a mistake has been made. With the Reverend George William Douglas whom your quoted paragraph describes, I was most intimately associated for thirty years. For nearly twenty years he was a resident of Tuxedo and member of the parish of which I have been rector since 1912. He died here and I officiated at his funeral in December, 1926. It is apparent that he could not have been the author of the article referred to, which bears certain statements indicating that it was written in the present year.

I am sure that in the interest of accuracy you will be glad to have this matter brought to your attention and that you will make the necessary correction in your magazine.

Mrs. Douglas joins me in this request.

REV. ROBERT S. W. WOOD.

(The Commonweal regrets its error in confusing the name of the late Reverend George William Douglas with the actual author of the paper Can a City Man Be President? which was written by Mr. George William Douglas, a member of the staff of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.—The Editors.)

BOOKS

The Moorland Sisters

The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Brontë, by Romer Wilson. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $4.00.

THOUGH the publication of the Heger letters a few years ago "dated" a good deal of Brontë biographical matter, it is extremely improbable that any fresh light will be cast upon the lives of the family. But, just as the moors lie at the doors of the squalid reality of Haworth, so outside the known facts of the Brontë story, an immense territory of conjecture continues to stretch, upon which any writer with a ready pen and a vivid imagination is free to picnic. Romer Wilson (Mrs. Edward J. O'Brien) is the latest in a long line.

Among a certain school of contemporary literary critics it has become very much the fashion to exalt Emily Brontë's genius, and to exalt it at the expense of her elder sister's. Hunger and thirst after literary justice may have its part in the change, but other reasons will readily suggest themselves to those who have even a bowing acquaintance with the spirit of the age. M. Henri Massis, in an article upon Bergsonism which The Commonweal looks to publish in an early issue, has defined the "vague and muddled themes which inspire modern poetry and prose. Pantheism, impressionism, appeals to the subconscious, objectless mysticism, sensory confusion, the primacy of sensation." To such a generation the formlessness, the chaotic construction, the elipses of Wuthering Heights, come home with an appeal that has quite as much to do with its belated reputation as the genius of its author.

Charlotte was a conformist—Emily the most eminent of literary rebels and anarchists. Charlotte, though the implications of her novels reach the heights and depths, committed the unpardonable sin of being immediately intelligible to the "reader" whom she was so exasperatingly fond of addressing. Emily's masterpiece, on the other hand, challenges the elaborate exegesis which so many of our bright young men and women stand ready to supply. Charlotte, through accident and character, was the brave little liaison officer whenever occasion arose between the outer world and the supreme irrationality of Haworth. Emily yielded unrestrainedly to temperament, and turned a face of stone to the world she was unable or unwilling to take the trouble of understanding. A "primness," if you will have the word, descended upon the elder sister's style, literary and epistolary, as a result of her self-control. One immediate consequence was that it enabled her to carry through to their triumphant end three magnificent novels in five years of failing health and bereavement. But another, visible in our day, is that it has alienated her from a generation that values nothing so little as discipline. So, in the latest biography of the sisters, The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Brontë, we have what wears all the air of being a delivered and final judgment: "Emily was a genius . . . Charlotte tremendously talented."

The theories which Mrs. O'Brien, who is a native of the district, brings home after her ramble over this thrice-gleaned field are none the less interesting because at times the author seems conscious of their fragility. "This is a muddle of a chapter," she confesses at one very vital point in her narrative, "but so is life as I see it, a fine muddle of the conscious and the unconscious." Imaginative children will read all sorts of images, grotesque and terrible, into a stain on the ceiling of their bedrooms. Michelangelo himself confessed to getting all the landscape he wanted by throwing a wet sponge at a

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plastered wall. And if life generally be accepted as "a fine muddle," there really seems to be no end to the rebuses and puzzles that can be injected into any one life adroitly handled.

Emily, then (the theory comes from "an eminent psychologist") was subjected, while still a child, to some terrifying experience. "I believe that Aunt Branwell, in a misguided attempt to correct Emily, shut the poor child up one winter's afternoon in the room where Mrs. Brontë had died. . . . A natural beam from some transient lantern carried through the churchyard pierced the uncurtained window. Emily shrieked and had a species of fit, in the midst of which Maria came to her." The result—"A visionary comforter haunts the darkness of her poetry."

Out of this experience, heightened by a suggestion from the stern father that she was an unregenerate child, sprang always, according to Mrs. O'Brien, a conception which was to be the mainspring of poor Emily's life and to keep her in a perpetual oscillation between ecstasy and despair—between the Fair Lover and the Dark Spirit—until the ghost was laid in Heathcliff and Wuthering Heights. "There will come a moment when, as I say, she becomes fully possessed by this Dark Thing. Then in prose and poetry she will expose him to the world in a singular, complete and unique fashion, knowing not, of course, the full significance of her exposition."

The hypothesis is plausible. We admit we have a little less patience when, a second time, Emily Brontë's biographer, very much as nitrogen is gathered from the air, appeals to hypothesis to explain a series of poems on betrayal, which, on examination appear to be commonplaces of the Byronic afflatus.

> "He rests and I endure the woe
> That left his spirit long ago . . .
>
> "Go, load my memory with shame
> Speak but to curse my hated name . . .
>
> "So foes pursue and cold allies
> Mistrust me, every one. . . ."

"Something very desperate must have befallen Emily in soul or body during 1838," concludes the biographer. And again: "In what shall we seek the source of these thirteen poems of five years? . . . That some strange remorse for some strange deed, imagined or performed, tortured Emily's peace seems very clear. I leave it at that."

A great Frenchman once warned a disciple that no man, however justified, could allow himself the luxury of two grievances. We might say, with equal truth, that no critic, however ingenious, should permit himself the luxury of two synthetic theories.

Romer Wilson's monograph, in spite of its extravagance in assumption and a tendency to belittle and even ridicule the self-sacrificing sister which exasperates at times, is a fascinating book. This not only because its subject is perennially interesting, but because of a real insight that pierces the maze of "let's suppose" over and over again, and a talent for reproducing the ambient in which the drama was played out. As an example of the first, take one very luminous remark on that vague despondency, that "accidie" which the old school men so remorselessly but so exactly coupled with self-indulgence. "Did ill-health or melancholy never attack them, it is more than likely they would never write poetry or prose, or create the slightest thing of any value. Sheer physical existence, is in itself a most intense delight, far more marvelous than anything they can create."

And here is the wind on the moors:

"How the wind thunders in autumn and tears and screams in March! Some folks hear ghostly bells tolling in the wild deep wind, unearthly music sounding, unearthly cries. . . . The wind pours down over the moor like a sea broken loose. It shakes and batters the house as it thunders down into the valley. It screams at the eaves, howls in the chimney, suffocates man and beast, the fire on the hearth, the grass on the heath. . . . Children and animals within doors become excited and a little mad. . . . Glorious terror!"

No one will ever understand the Brontës who does not remember the wind. But because one sister was always out on it in spirit, happily houseless amid its turmoil and madness, while the other was driven by its terror to a poignant appreciation of little safe, sheltered things—the clear fire, the singing kettle, the purring cat—it is unfair to distribute genius and talent with so partial a hand. For in the consciousness of neither one nor the other was the wind, with all it had to tell, for one moment at peace.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Jewels of Dogma

The Treasury of the Faith Series; general editor, George D. Smith, D. D. An Outline of Catholic Teaching, by the general editor, with an introduction by Cardinal O'Connell; God the Creator, by B. V. Miller, D. D., with an introduction by Bishop Fallon of London, Ontario; Jesus Christ, Model of Manhood, by Archbishop Goodier, S.J., with an introduction by Wilfred Parsons, S.J.; Mary, the Mother of God, by O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R., with an introduction by Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh; The Sacramental System, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., with an introduction by Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto; Christian Marriage, by E. J. Mahoney, D. D., with an introduction by Bishop Duffy of Grand Island, Nebraska. New York: The Macmillan Company. Each volume, $.60.

THEOLOGY seems to be a modern bugbear; at least the word is. In reality almost all people are making theologies, dogmatic and moral. To suppose that laymen are not interested in it can, we believe, be easily disproved if they are given a fair opportunity. If you hand a layman a badly printed, clumsily bound, awkward book of 700 pages; or, what is worse, an inflated catechism arranged for children of riper years, he will not read it. But if you offer him some handy little volumes as attractive as pocket editions of his favorite author, then he will relish theology. It is this that the Macmillan Company is trying to do in publishing this series of thirty-six volumes. So far six have been printed, with six more to follow quickly. In our short space it is difficult to say all that we should like to say about them. Each one is a little masterpiece. If the quality is sustained, the complete series will make a handy theological library.

The volume which seems to be particularly useful is that by Dr. Miller, which deals with the problem of creation. The average Catholic who has no doubts about the truth of what the Church teaches, may still feel that there are modern difficulties that he is unable to meet. This little book will be an armory for him. Similarly the questions that are frequently asked in connection with devotion to our Blessed Lady, are answered by that veteran champion of the Faith, Father Vassall-Phillips, than whom no one living has done more to advance the cause of Catholicity. Father Martindale, as usual, is easy to understand. The sacramental system makes a great

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appeal to disintegrating Protestantism. It was the secret of the success of the Oxford Movement. Father Martindale fits the sacraments into man's needs and demonstrates the reasonableness of the Incarnation.

Christian Marriage is a handy manual containing all the essential information that a layman requires on the subject. The Model of Manhood deals with Christology, the battlefield of popular Christianity. It is a condensed digest of the Gospels, providing a well-balanced life of Our Lord.

Each of these volumes attacks its subject in an interesting manner in its opening pages. This is essential to success, and is no doubt due to the foresight of the general editor, who himself provides the first volume. He is a professor of Saint Edmund's College, the ancient foundation of Cardinal Allen. He is to be congratulated upon his ability to secure such a galaxy of able writers. We trust that this modern apostolate will enhance the great traditions of Douay. We do not think, and here we are anticipating a probable objection, that he has over-estimated the intelligence of his readers. Surely it is time to expect that there should be found in this country a sufficiency of Catholic laymen who will buy and read books about religion which may be a little above the equipment of a high school graduate.

EDWARD HAWKS.

A Life in Cipher

Browning's Parleyings: The Autobiography of a Mind, by William C. De Vane. New York: Yale University Press. $4.00.

BIOGRAPHY—even critical biography—has in recent years taken on a smart manner. This new study of Robert Browning, while pedestrian in its literary fashion, is critical in aspect, based upon painstaking and sound research. It is one of the few scholarly books of the year with important value. Here Browning is revealed as something other than a white-bearded sage full of sweetness and light.

The poetry of Browning had produced a cult even before his death. People had found him an anodyne in a disturbing period. The many books that have been written about him, have been from other than a literary point of view. As yet no good life has been written. He was, during his lifetime, accepted as the poet with the perfect life. His love and marriage with Elizabeth Barrett was the perfect love legend. When his admirers sought material to give more body to this legend in a life, he refused to such competent writers as Gosse and Wise, access to his papers and the history of his family. Considerable of his correspondence he burned. To the demands for data on his life, he answered by publishing his mental autobiography, Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day, which is the basis of this study.

Ironically, his intent in this last long poem has never been clearly understood. The reviewers of Browning's day declared it was another hopeless cipher. The bewilderment was such that this new study is the first to stress definitely the fact that Browning was declaring in his old age his position in relation to contemporary ideas, persons and events. It required historical insight and intimate knowledge of English, French and Italian art and letters to clarify the position of the obscure figures and sources of Browning's ideas from which was erected his philosophy of optimism and position as an inspired teacher. Outline is provided by means of Browning parleying with men of the past who had influenced his ideas. Dr. De Vane shows in his elaborate documentation, how

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Browning, while acknowledging his debt, was more concerned with refuting his contemporaries. In his generous gestures Browning is not above misinterpreting the facts of his masters in order to refute the ideas of his contemporaries. Briefly, the exposition reveals a crabbed, spiteful, old man, keeping up his end by any means.

Among the interesting new discoveries of the study is that of another love affair he had when he was seventy-three with a titled lady. Another curious relation is depicted when he misunderstands De Mandeville in order to score off Carlyle. To Carlyle he was a young man of promise and remained so after Browning was an accepted poet, which attitude the grown Browning found patronizing. The ironical word portrait of Disraeli brings to light the bitterness existent between these two brilliant Victorians. His long unsuspected disagreement with Matthew Arnold has an interesting modern aspect. Browning advocated that poets treat of the modern times instead of taking refuge in Hellenism. The influence of Christopher Smart—that too little known poet—on Browning is an important fact, but Browning's use of the poet to damn the aestheticism of Swinburne is ridiculous. The defense of his own son in painting nudes is another new item, along with the arraignment of the evolutionists of the period.

It is now impossible in the face of the evidence presented, for his reputation as an inspired teacher to persist to the detriment of his repute as a poet. The way has been cleared for a real life, where the man is no longer an idol of cult, and where the emphasis is rightly placed upon him as a man of letters. Dr. De Vane has written with insight, no little part of the history of the intellectual elements of the Victorian age. His study is a stimulating contribution.

EDWIN CLARK.

Ancient Hellos

Black Sparta, by Naomi Mitchison. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

MRS. MITCHISON tells her stories of the generations in Greece between 500 and 370 B. C. with keen historic awareness and in a prose charmingly informal and alive. All of us who love the history of Greece have grown indignant as the story of Spartan duplicity and cruelty unfolded itself before us. We have sympathized with the Helots who, in revolt, established themselves in the mountain fastnesses of Messenia and in Megapolis, as democracies. Mrs. Mitchison writes with glowing pathos of the conflicts in the minds of these slaves, their loves and hatreds for Spartan overlords, their miseries and defeats.

Then there are stories of Pindar's songs of triumph for the winners at the Olympic contests. In In Lucky Thessaly, Mrs. Mitchison writes of Pindar's love for the beautiful boy, Hippokleas, an athlete of renown, and of the boy's love for the poet. The story reaches a touching climax. The festival in honor of Hippokleas is over, the paean has been sung. Pindar bids good-by to the boy who feels the parting cruelly. Always the poet, Pindar says, "Everything's got to end some time, hasn't it? Unless one can find the way to that Country of the Young. Listen, Hippokleas, while I was writing my song you were—you were, oh, the breath of the Muses blew through you to me! I could no more have done without you than without my lyre. And now . . . now the song's written."

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ROSELLA KRAMER.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The buzz of the electric fan, the rumble of trains departing north and south and westward from the cellars and sub-cellars of our lordly edifice, stirred the summer effluvia through the Library, where Doctor Angelicus, looking unusually hefty in the belt-line after removing his coat, sat toying with his old-time palmetto and enjoying the cool delight of writing "no" on poets' manuscripts. His friend Britannicus, in his Palm Beach suit, was sipping some iced tea brought in by Amanuensa, (who latterly has been reading his lucubrations on Houston and the Irish questions with a gathering enthusiasm) and showing his sunburnt arms, in exploiting his recent visits to the beach.

"These are the days of the bath," he murmured lazily; "lakes and rivers!—'Roll on thou mighty ocean!' "

"Not Knights of the Bath? Britannicus, I cannot see how you can abide our contaminated oceans and lake-fronts. Of course, the white sand and the red and green bathing-suits look very fine on a sunny morning. Near our big cities the tides, I object, do not come in and out quite often enough to suit me, and what with sharks in the Caribbean and sword fish in the chilly Maine waters, I find myself growing more and more addicted to my apartment tub and the pool of my swimming club. There, at least, I may snatch a bit of 'dolce far nulla'; there the club soda and ginger beer are frigidly adjacent; the cigarette adaptable; the bathing towels dry and fragrant. It is true that, physiologically speaking, the scene is seldom satisfying; youth in its slenderness afar is poising upon the rocks, swan diving in front of the hotels, or feverishly paddling canoes filled with gay young naiads in the blazing sunshine. In our club, under the violet rays, we bask in a seclusion kindly to our embonpoint and time-thwarted anatomies. Fathers, of course, must lead out their little sea urchins and dip them up and down in the surf; but for those of us smothered in a celibate childlessness there is immunity from these middle-age revelations: our siesta may be said to be imperial, far from the madding crowd and the peanut-shells and the screams of infantile experimenters in the brine.

"Eheu, fugaces! Gone are the days when we used to swim out beyond the life-lines to the pavid eyes of dear mamma and the nervous prostration of professional live-savers. Nobody ever got a gold medal for saving me, Britannicus; on the contrary, I have had several proposals of marriage from spinsters and widows whom I have saved and assisted from the troubled deeps. 'You have saved my life'—and the embarrassing embrace before the crowd on the beach counted as the great awards of my heroism.

"No, let the tourist parties swarm in their thousands by oceans and big lakes! No more shall hard-shell crabs nibble at our Achilles tendons! No submerged tomato cans shall cut our toes with the cicatrices of their artless chiropody. Blisters, freckles and scaling sunburns, fare ye well! Sandbugs, rock scorpions, back to your lairs! Cuttle-fish and lampreys, ye feed upon us no longer—we have resigned from the beach club!"

"Literature, as you will see, my dear Doctor," interrupted Britannicus, "is pursuing you into your hidden haunts. The age of grotesquerie and Gongorism, as Dr. Elisha K. Kane interprets it, has overtaken us, and from the slender lines of primitive art, the descriptive narrative writers of our age will follow us, exploring and exploiting all our rotundities, making beauties out of our warts and callosities, tripping up the danc-

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ing feet of fauns and nymphs with the finesses of the masseur and pedicure. From the images of the pre-Raphaelites we have passed through the Rubens and Flemings to the baroque, and the Chirigurresque. Our excrescences and superfluities become new norms.

"Dr. Elisha of the University of North Carolina impresses me very much like the young students of architecture who are returning just now from the Bolshevik centre of Montmartre, and sharply criticizing our new American skyscrapers. Only the necessary lines of construction, no other ornamentation, however; away with historic suggestions of style, columns, floriegations and elaborate cornices! 'You would have us live in a bath-tub,' I declared to one of them, and he pertly replied, 'Yes, in a large and very plain one. Avoid gumdrops and lemon sticks in your buildings as well as in your dress and your life.' . . . 'But the luxuries of our civilization, our long traditions of knick-knacks, creature-comforts and tonics?' 'Away with them, declares the Soviet!' 'Not even a mosquito netting?' I inquired. 'Not even a mosquito,' he answered.

"As we advance in thought, from our first prattlings, our minds, if we are to believe the books on pedagogy employed in our public schools, begin not only to perceive but to apperceive, that is, to reason, on our primary sensatory perceptions. First we put on a shirt; then later we invent a collar; and finally end up with a cravat, a ruffle or a four-in-hand. Arriving at this stage of dress apperception, we are already plunging into the abyss of artificialities, so acridly depicted by Dr. Elisha. Art having exhausted itself in striving to depict the visual, turns to imaginative processes to convey thought, aspirations of the spirit, and emotional cravings about which Dr. Elisha seems to think very little.

"The English tailors declare war on the college type of dressing; boyish-form comediennes must yield again to the stout thespian; the Grecian urn gives place to the punch-bowl. We have become declared realists in our interpretation of our national heroes (and we shall soon begin to dissect our heroines, the little dears, who have for the most part escaped our gallant middle-aged historians). Grandma will soon be no more sacred than Sally in our alley and Peggy of the low-backed car. Ladies rich and rare, ensconced in your renaissance country palaces at Newport and Hollywood, tremble, as ye may; the juvenile historian is abroad; student lamps are agleam in Greenwich Village, the ghost of Freud haunts the backstairs of your pantries and coal-bins, and the Gironde is forming for many another Madame Roland. Have you thought of this as you meditate in the perspiration of your Lucullan bath, my dear Angelicus?"

"No more, Britannicus, not another word in this rising temperature. I am shocked at this connotation of Apocalypse and apoplexy—say no more, I beg of you."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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